

ART FOR ART'S SAKE

By George Munson.

"It was some three years since I'd visited Sister Emma, her living in York state and me in Ohio, but when she writ me to come and spend the month of March, because she had something important to say to me, my natural curiosity overcome me, and I packed my trunk and went.

"Where's Cynthia?" I asked, soon as I had kissed Emma and John.

"That's what I writ you to come



"Had a Party That Afternoon."

about, Lidy,' says Emma. 'She won't come home.'

"But you writ me she had gone to New York to study art, and was coming home on Washington's birthday," I answered. 'And how about that young man of hers, Fred Holden?'

"Then the truth came out. Cynthia had writ she wasn't coming home for a long time to come and she intimat-ed if Fred liked to wait for her he

could wait and if he didn't he needn't. She had an attack of art badly and was living in a hall bedroom in New York and doing her own laundry, which is what art brings one to. And Emma, knowing how I'd always had a powerful influence over Cynthia, wanted me to go to New York and bring her home.

"How about Fred?" I asked.

"Fred just mooned around town and didn't speak to anyone. I gathered there had been some sort of quarrel, so I thought it best to say nothing but to go to New York as soon as possible. And a couple of mornings later I was knocking at Cynthia's door on the top floor of a filthy dark tenement place near Washington Square.

"Come in," said Cynthia. 'Why, Aunt Lidy, whatever brung you here?'

"I'll tell you later, Cynthia,' says I. 'Meanwhile, have you got a bite of lunch for me?'

"Cynthia made tea over the gas and we ate sausage sandwiches together, Cynthia looking at me curious-like all the while.

"I sure do love sausage sandwiches, especially them forrin kinds,' says I, and I see a look in Cynthia's eyes that told me I had got home. I forgot to say that the tiny room was all fixed up with hangings and sofa pillows, and the walls was plastered with Cynthia's pictures.

"Sold any of 'em, my dear?' I asked.

"Not yet, auntie,' says Cynthia, 'but I expect to soon. The public isn't educated in art matters, you know. If I chose to give them what they wanted I could sell them all. Now what brings you here, Aunt Lidy?'

"I'm tired of the humdrum of domestick life,' I told her. 'Your Uncle Abe gets on my nerves. I want to live my own life and obey the impulses of my soul. That's why I come to you.'

"Cynthia stared at me as if I was